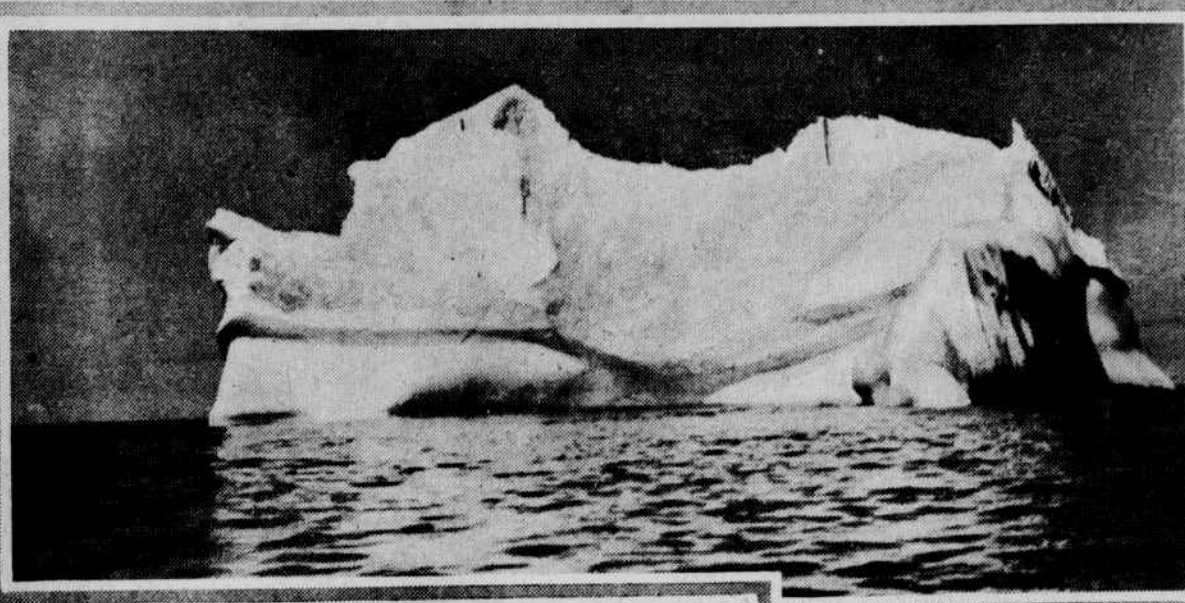
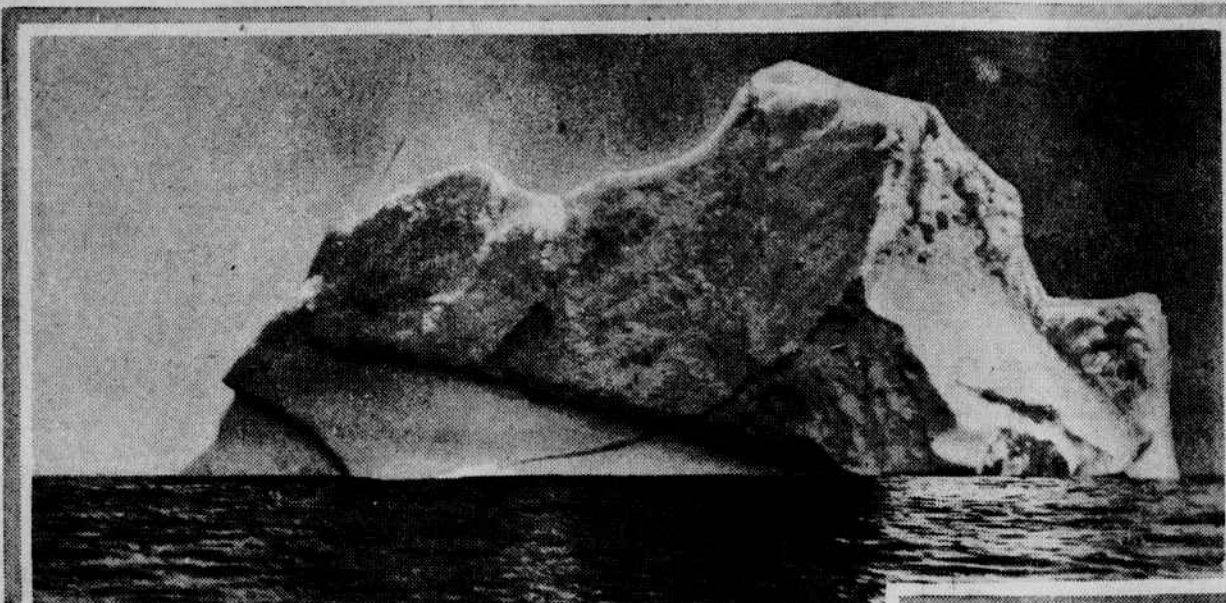


NEW YORK, SUNDAY, JULY 10, 1921.

# ICEBERG PATROL MASTERS MIGHTY TASK

## Scores for Safety of Sea in Record Season of Perils

Shapes as strange as chimeras are assumed by icebergs floating to their doom when they meet the Gulf Stream, while the United States Coast Guard Service Cutters Seneca and Yamacraw patrol the iceberg zone to warn all ships crossing it. These photographs were taken May 13-14 by observers aboard the Seneca in latitude 41 degrees, 46 minutes north; longitude 49 degrees, 26 minutes west.



U. S. Coast Guards Brave Dangers on Grand Banks Until Last Menacing Mountain of Ice Is Charted and Warning Flashed to World of Shipping---Spirit of the Service Shows in Their Cheerfulness After Months of Buffeting by Wild North Atlantic

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WEARIED by three months of buffeting by thundering seas, fog and vast ice fields and bergs on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, seventy-five stout seamen and officers manning the ships of the International Ice Patrol are beginning to think of home and rest.

The ice menace to transatlantic shipping, this year most dangerous of any spring since 1912, when the giant Titanic sank, now is nearly conquered, according to reports by wireless to the United States Coast Guard Service here.

The crews of the Coast Guard cutters Seneca and Yamacraw, which have been patrolling the ice fields since early in April, now are searching one doughty iceberg which refuses to be found and is wandering around the north Atlantic, a danger to navigation.

### Destroyers, Liners and Fishermen Cooperating in the Great Hunt

Destroyers, ocean liners and fishing vessels are cooperating in the hunt for the foe, which, however, may have melted or been swept northwest by the Labrador current into a backwash of the sea where it spells no menace to shipping.

When the last big berg is found, charted and watched until it melts or otherwise fades into oblivion the transatlantic sea lanes will be free of danger from this source. The crews of the ice patrol are confident the last berg will be located within a few days. Perhaps the wireless to-night will carry the tidings to ships steaming between the United States and Europe through the fogs and currents of the Grand Banks. And when that radio goes out the Seneca and the Yamacraw will turn back to port, to friends and relatives and the dangers and bitterness of their 1921 battle with the ice foe will be but a memory. Next year other crews and other cutters of the Coast Guard Service will take up the work.

Meanwhile passengers on the transatlantic liners which go ploughing through the roaring seas of the Grand Banks will idle in the luxurious cabins of their floating palaces unconscious, perhaps, of the story of heroism and struggle that the Coast Guard crews enact each spring to prevent a recurrence of the Titanic disaster.

The death of hundreds when the Titanic on April 14, 1912, crashed into an iceberg was the beginning of the International Ice Patrol, which is international only in the respect that its cost is defrayed by England, France and other maritime nations in conjunction with the United States. The Titanic catastrophe brought the world to a realization that the icebergs and ice fields which each year sweep down into the transatlantic ocean lanes from Greenland and Labrador must be guarded against. It was decided, therefore, that each year during April, May and June an ice patrol should be maintained on the Grand Banks to watch for bergs, locate them and warn steamships. The work of maintaining the patrol, a bitter battle of ninety days, with heavy seas, in freezing temperatures and a hazard of unusual danger, fell to the United States Coast

Guard Service. The service took up the task and the number of ships that have struck icebergs since that time is small.

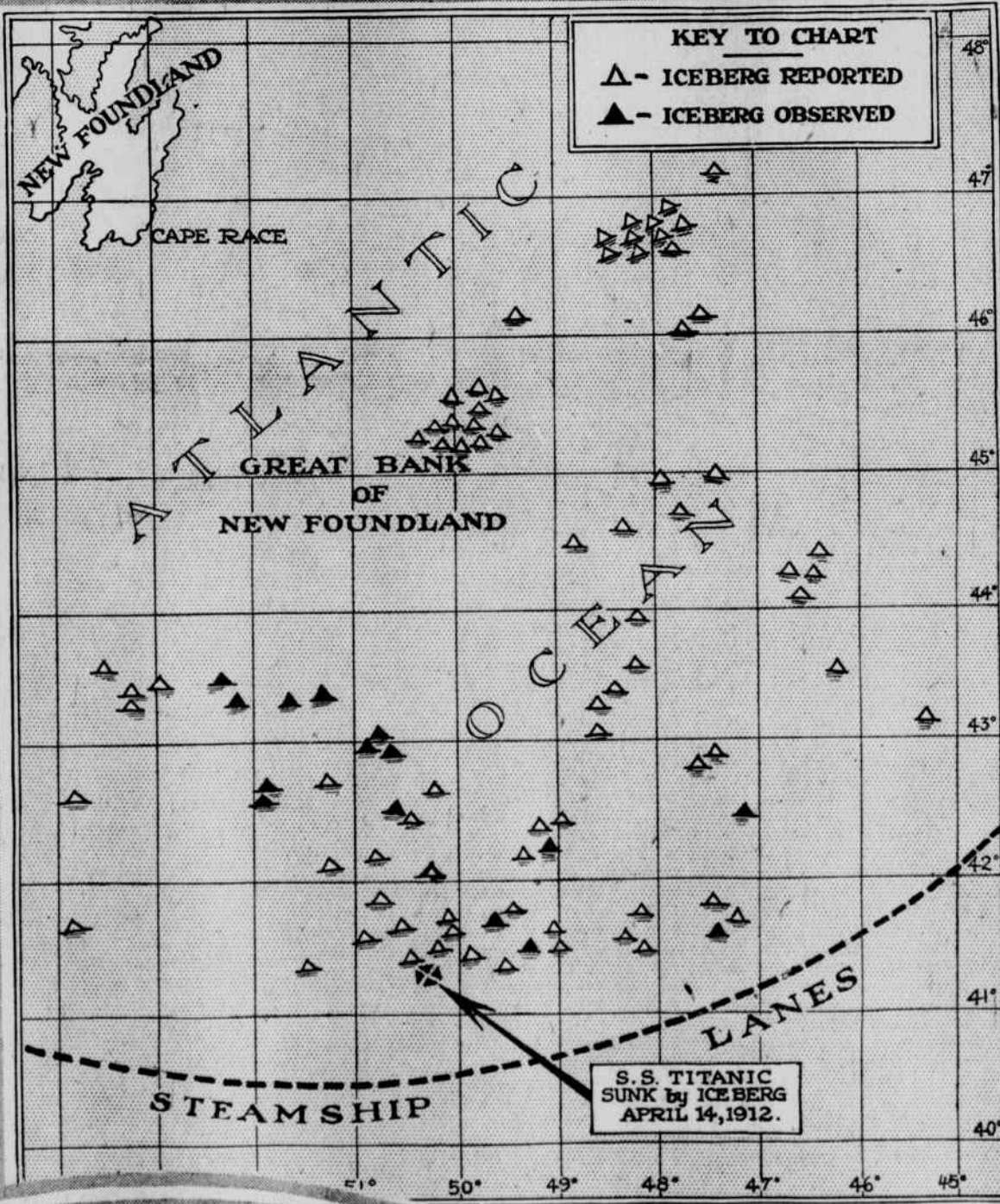
Each day at a given hour the patrol vessels send out a general wireless call to all steamships, stating the position of all bergs and giving other information as to fogs and elements that might endanger the big liners crashing through the seas at twenty knots an hour. Although patrolling for bergs and ice floes is a task attended by extreme danger, loneliness and general disagreeableness, the Coast Guardsmen, who are assigned to it always inject something of their good nature and cheerfulness into their daily radio messages to the headquarters of the service here.

This year the work of the ice patrol has been more difficult than ever. For some unexplained reason the big bergs have swept farther south than in any year since 1914. Many bergs have been reported nearly as far south as latitude 40 degrees north. This means the bergs came more than half the distance between the North Pole and the equator. It was in latitude 41 degrees, 46 minutes north, and longitude 50 degrees, 14 minutes west, that the Titanic sank.

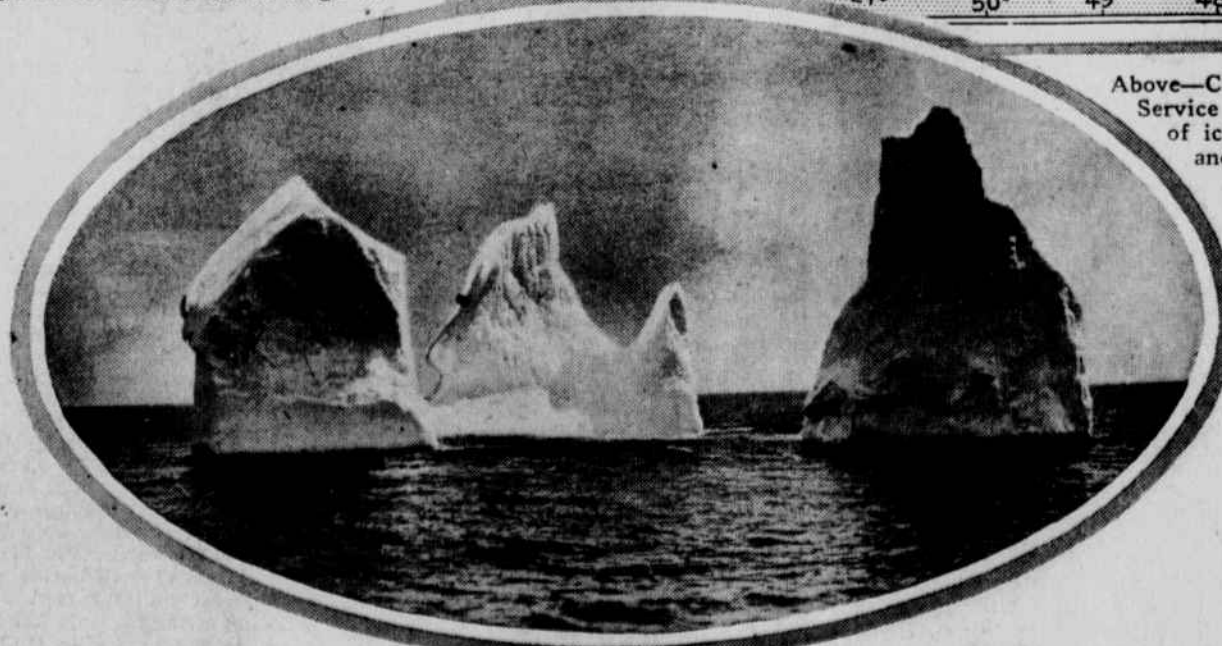
In ordinary years few of the bigger bergs float as far south as the forty-first parallel. But this year the bergs swung through the seas for nearly 600 miles below Cape Race, closing the sea lanes within this area to all mariners except those who found it necessary to take the great risk.

The bergs originally infest an area each year for the three months of spring, ranging from longitude 45 to 55 and north from latitude 41 degrees. This area, 2,000 square miles, is generally clouded with fog. Through this fog the patrolling ships must steam continuously searching for bergs and ice fields, always in danger of

striking bergs before they can be sighted. The ships base at Halifax or Boston and relieve each other when it becomes necessary to put into port for fuel, food and supplies.



Above—Chart compiled by U. S. Coast Guard Service shows Cape Race and the location of icebergs as reported by cutters Seneca and Yamacraw, patrolling Grand Banks to flash warnings to shipping. At left—This iceberg running down into the Gulf Stream broke into three parts and melted like fat in the fire.



its neighborhood and all other pertinent data. Save for a short period during the war the collection of this data has been going on each year since 1912.

The Coast Guard cutter crews have reduced to an exact science the methods of locating and plotting a berg. So far this year nearly 100 have been located and described. Most of them have been photographed. The pictures show that this year's crop presents as majestic an appearance as that of any other year.

When an iceberg is sighted the scientist on the cutter puts overboard his instruments and takes the temperature and saltness of the water. Then the ship stands by the berg as near as is safe. Some times it is possible to land men on the ice to examine it. Often seals, gulls and other animal and bird life have been found on the ice. Having determined the posi-

tion of the berg, the cutter officials plot the location on the map and make up a bulletin to send out by wireless to warn steamships. Then they keep the berg company, perhaps for days, until they ascertain the speed of its drift. Some bergs drift at the rate of a mile an hour. Others move only six miles a day. The drift depends on the current.

The Labrador current sweeps the bergs out of the north into the region of the Grand Banks. Sometimes this current also sweeps them to the west and north again, taking them out of the path of steamships. At other times the bergs encounter the warm waters of the Gulf Stream and move southward slowly, melting and disappearing.

The temperature of the water about the berg and the degree of salt contained in it enables the Coast Guard men to determine from what part of the north the big floe came. In some cases it is necessary to drag the ocean near the berg to study the biological specimens in the water. Curious fishes and sea creatures are often disclosed by these drags. The fish in the water about the berg usually move with it. This is another method of determining the origin of the floe.

### Floating Along With a Berg Is a Most Dangerous Duty

Keeping an iceberg company for days at a time to discover its habits and direction is perhaps one of the most hazardous jobs of the entire Coast Guard Service, officials say. This is especially true in the southern part of the ice territories, because here fog is nearly always to be found. Crews of the accompanying cutters shadowing an iceberg in a fog never know at what moment they may crash, although every possible precaution is taken. The ship's speed is checked, as always in a fog. But the iceberg has no whistle to give warning and at times it cannot be seen even when close at hand. Occasionally the whistle of the cutter may echo against the berg, and this helps in keeping the dangerous companion at a distance.

In addition to hunting icebergs the cutters search for derelicts and give assistance to ships in distress. Sailing vessels seem most likely to get into trouble in the ice district. Many are wrecked. Many rescues of crews from sinking ships are effected by the cutters of the ice patrol, often at risk of life.

Steaming through the storm swept waters, the cutters, small but powerful craft, often have to weather storms that bring consternation to even the great transatlantic liners passing through the sea lanes further south, made safe by the work of the patrol. The big seas tumble over the little cutters of the patrol, snatching at rigging, deck houses, boats, tackle and members of the crew who sometimes have been washed overboard into the swirling, ice filled waters.

Three months in the most bitter, dangerous sea in the world is the assignment that the crews of two of the Coast Guard cutters face in the spring of each year. The Grand Banks is a locality noted throughout the world for its bitter weather and its storms. Yet the men of the Coast Guard Service take their assignments to the ice patrol as a matter of course. Some of them may not return from the cruise, although the loss of life in the patrol has been comparatively small. And all of them know that three months of the bitterest service possible is ahead when the ice patrol assignment comes. But they take the hazards with utmost good nature and come to port smiling when the task is done.

For one more year the paths of the transatlantic liners have been made free of one danger at least—the deadly ice field, which looks so gorgeous from the steamship's deck.